

On Doctor TAYLOR, Oculist.

YE blind, dim-sighted *Britons* now rejoice,
For *Taylor* comes, he comes, the Eccho flies
Around, his Healing Influence to share
'Mongst Mortals, hopeless Mortals, in despair
Of Cure; Effects even marvellous succeed,
If our rare Doctor once can make them bleed,
And swallow Potions, straight the gladsome Day
On the dim Eye-ball darts the clearing Ray.
Which Bliss remains as lasting as the Light,
And ne'er returns to darken human Sight.
Kind Nature, sure, has lavish'd all her Art,
To mould, improve, and brighten every Part
Of his whole Frame; besides at Home, Abroad,
Of Science deep the secret Paths he's trode,
And push'd his Art to exceeding great Perfection;
What *Novelties* are found in his Prelection,
And Ladies Lectures, to them the Art conveys,
To wound, to pierce, to kill Ten thousand Ways!
So touch'd, so struck, we cannot stand their Glances,
But cry to blind our Eyes, or blunt their Lances;
Or stop, with usual Modesty and Grace,
From lect'ring, and your Instruments Enchase:

Great Doctor, and like myst'ries Men adore ;
The more they're hid, they'll be rever'd the more.
Seven Cities claim'd great *Homer* as their Son ;
No Dispute here, Great *Taylor* is our own :
In Time then, dreary Mortals, prise the Loan
Of Heav'n, you'll curse your Stars when *Taylor's* gone.
Advance Great DOCTOR, up, mount, soar and fly,
On golden Wings, at length you'll reach the Sky ;
Scorn antiquated Saws, and vulgar Tracts
Of modern Oculists, all downright Quacks ;
By Lectures, Practice, Oaths, and Maledictions,
Teach, cure, and damn their common cursed Fictions.
You seem more skil'd in Greek and Latin too,
Thou'st read *Hippocrates* and *Galen* thro' ;
Talk'st much of *Celsus*, and the *Arabian* Writer,
Condemns the Moderns, and falls foul on *Heister* ;
Finds out some Faults that were not Faults before,
And takes great Pains to sep-rate Drofs from Ore :
From Place to Place your strolling Spirit check,
In Court and Cities, Merit meets Neglect ;
For if you chuse to purchase great Renown,
Go, hide your Talents, in some Country-Town,
Where you may cut, or cure, or kill, no Matter ;
Your Fame can go no farther than the Vicar,

Whose Squint you're sure to rectify, by tipping
His Maid, or Wife, or Daughter Cure by Couching.
Thus, Mushroom like, fix'd to one single Spot,
Much faster than it grew your Name will rot,
Hurl'd to Obliv'n, in Silence quite forgot.

The following is a Copy of an Elogium written
under a Print, done for Dr. Taylor at London.

Joannes Taylor *Medicus, in optica ex-*
pertissimus, multisque in Academiis
celeberrimis Membrum.

E FFIGIEM Taylor, tibi qui demissus ab alto est,
Turba alias expers luminis, ecce vides.
Hic maculas tollit, *Cataractas* deprimit omnes,
Amissum splendens excitat illi jubar.
Miranda praxi sublata *Ophthalmia* quævis
Artificæ dextræ *Gutta Serena* cedit.
Ecce virum cuius cingantur tempora lauro
Dignum, cui laudes secula longa canant.

Tis reported that the Doctor designs a Print
of himself, at Edinburgh; the following Elo-
gium is humbly recommended to be inscribed
below it.

*Joannes Taylor Medicaster, in artibus
vere Magister, multisque in locis cele-
berrimis Mendicus, & de grege His-
trionum errantium membrum.*

JOANNEM TAYLOR turba nunc credula vides,
Qui rara, nova, mirandaque facta peragit.
Facto qui officio jactat, Strophisque dolosis
Aures fæmineas & pectora fallere gaudet:
Frustra sed, & plagis quibus irretire paratur
Hæret, & Doctorem blanda spe lactat hiantem.
Usu est peritus oculorum pellere morbos
Omnes, si multum nummorum servas in arca;
Captus amore lucri, oculos prope eruit omnes,
Sic infelices nummos & lumina perdunt.
HIC EST, pro meritis cupis si tollere justis,
A Populo læso, ex imo tolletur in altum.